

Friends

Hustle Gang

[Rara:]

95 Mack with the Polo book
Cuban link on with the Jesus piece
Doin' the most hoe, sayin' the least
Need pussy and money tha's how I

[Brandon Rossi:]

I'm talkin' Monday afternoon I was bussin' it down
I ain't makin' this up, I ain't fuckin' around
I'm in the [?] ally on my cellphone
[Rara:] Get the pussy get the head get the hell on

[T.I.:]

Convicted fel-on
With no right to bear arms-
Still I do but carefully I'm who they tell on
[Brandon Rossi:]
Niggas watchin' but we keep it goin'
Like the camera rollin' and them people on us
You know it

[Rara:]

Middle finger out the Beamer like Pac
One hand on my dick one hand on my Glock
All gas through the dash, I'o'nt plan on stoppin'
Got a mouth full'a gold, shirt off I'm Pac

[T.I.:]

Still ridin' with my nigga with a thug's habbit
My other nigga drinkin' lean 'n' got a pot belly
Now we ain't finna play no games, not at all, period
They hit ya ass long range like Paul Pierce
'N' drop a song bet ya ass hear it all year

[Brandon Rossi:]

And let's get one thing clear let's get one thing straight

[Rara:]

Came straight up in this bih, move shit up out the way
Put your hands in the air, bitch show me where the safe
You know it!

[Brandon Rossi:]

Friends
We use that term loosely, too loosely
Everybody ain't your friend
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Everybody ain't your friend

[Rara:]

Born to lose
Build to last
Need mine bitch fuck all that
Where that money at? Bitch fuck all that
Where that money at? Bitch fuck all that
[Brandon Rossi:] Everybody ain't your friend

[Rara:]

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[Young Dro:]
I'm a thug nigga peep the authenticity-
The wrist at least 60, ya killn' me
Jimmy Choo a thousand on my bitch feet
Japanese diet only thing I eat is kimichi
Give a foot long to ya bitch, no Blimpie

[Tokyo Jetz:]
Orville Redenbacher I'm the only bitch poppin'-
And a whole clique 'a ya'll damn sure couldn't stop it
Runnin' straight to the money that's the only way I'm rockin'
And if yee ain't got that then they might get to poppin'
I ain't fuckin' with the crowd I'm a different kind of bitch
Go to court and point fingers you a different kind of snitch
Think I wanna buy a yacht be a different kind of rich
But I'm still from the hood I'll settle for a brick

[T.I.:]
And if I call you a friend I die for ya
That's even if we don't communicate on Facebook
Man I was raised in the trenches by straight crooks
When lady see me on the street grab they pocketbook
I'm sharp as a pocket knife on IG
This address on my ID
Should tell you I'm from Bankhead, you know not to try me
I put you over my knee
And spank your ass like my niece
And kick ya shit, Tai Chi, until it's over, capisce?

[Tokyo Jetz:]
Call 'em Jimmy John's cause them shooters gon' deliver me
Gon' catch ya after hours outside of where you livin' at
[Young Dro:]
Don't forget Tokyo, man we gotta keep it pimpin'
I'm rockin' with these hoes five grand for the linen
Dro

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[T.I.:]

You don't really know what disloyalty like
Any time you get around homeboys in life
And den they owe you time to pay they like 'oh I forgot'
Then when my nigga Trae caught 'em in the parking lot
[Trae tha Truth:]
(OK)
Betta know I keep a rocket so I'm ballin like I'm Harden
Open up the safe I got it looking like a gourd
Hustle like a mu'fucka fuck what niggas charge-
And I came from bein' nothin' now I'm top five startin'
And the game need renovation
Fuck it no penetration
Money my demonstration foreigners in my destination
[?] to me and my numbers [?] with no hesitation
Pulled up on yo block light it up like it's a celebration

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